
Virtues of Narcissism

HACKER ADVENTURER POET

PEDRK.COM

Aun the times say adventure
is a passion of the past
That all is discovered & won

Adventure isn't found
In the name'n of lands
Or cross'n the limits of maps

Find here its Modern testament
Come experience a lifetime
To its pursuit

Thru
Jungles Islands & Mountains

Upon
Streets Trails & Machines

.

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I

Canadian Canola flowers
Expand to the Horizon
Under grand fluffs
Of peaceful sky

The road rolls
I glide on by

Welcome'n yellows below
Friendly blues above
Breach Infinities

Towards those impossibilities
I go

Thru canyons of
Utah Idaho
Wyoming Montana
Alberta

Each unique
Each created by the
Chaos & consistence of Time

Open expanses of
road dirt
crop water
sky

To foliage lush
& Vibrance of mountainside

End'n in crisp nights
Aside my motorcycle machine

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.

Amerith

Our trophy German Shepherd
Went rabid over a thicket
At the foothills of the
Wasatch Mountains

On the way back
I decided to inspect the spot

What I first thought
Were sticks too numerous
To be bones

Were bones so numerous
One would think
They were sticks

-

Evil
This thicket
Where the Mtn Lion hauled
Its frightened meal

Criminal
Its infantile prey
Stolen in the deep of night

Devour'd
In the comfort of this den

.

.

My newest addition
To my harem of machines
Is wait'n for me after work

I can't wait
To peel off her box
Plug in
& Press her special button

That is

If I don't get distracted
With her Double Dvi
Eye-candy first

Either way
She will be whir'n
With the excitement
Under a deep heat sink

Excitement
No amount of 230 fans
Could temper

Probably have to go down
& Liquid cool off
That sensitive little processor

It's a give & take relationship
But it gets us thru

.

.

I often find myself lost deep
 In pathless bramble
 On moonless nights up
 Slate Canyon

On return'n
 Unsuccessfully
 I track my path home

At the edge
 of a broad rock-slide

Or on the boundary
 of a pitched rock-face

Alone
 I look upon
 The unfamiliar mountainside

Lost
 Neither advance'n
 Nor retreat'n

Void
 Come'n's & Go'n's
 Cancel'd to neither

Independent of either
 I react with the ether

Untainted

By ideas of Answers
 Because there is no future

Without a past
 There was never a Question

A sort of somberness
 Sets over me
 In this warped & complicated condition

I felt that today
 When I was told
 A certain girl got married

.

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.

III

I worked fire into a blaze
To keep from freeze'n
Surrounded by the voices of

Cascades Falls
Brooks Streams

These all associated
With the hub that was

This remote glacial pond
In The Bob Marshall Wilderness

The freeze of the moon
Overpowered the flame's heart

Again & Again
The bonfire wrought to naught

Awaken'n me to
Cold consciousness & duty

In slumber'n prayer
For a new day

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With blacks
Rolling by
Bouncing beats
Staring all down

Listen up
Here we are
Whats go'n on

On the South Side
This is the street
Fk the police

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The fathers
Hunted & Killed
To accommodate residential

Now their adolescent offspring
Play aimless in the woods
With naught example to follow

One play'd
Grab'n at a moth
To the effect
He dance'd on a rock

An adolescent
Took care of a youngling
No mama there
To protect nor guide

I have seen all three
The mama bear
The too-old-to-be-there bear
& The cub

In destroy'n the aggression
That the sunrise be
A new bond'n relation
Between the master
& The mammal

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First quarter archive'n

24,000+ comics
4,000+ episodes
1,600+ movies
1,000 audio books

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Now
5.3 million unique files

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Some people
You just remember

4:20am on a Cancun bus
With the magician in-transit
To his house

I met some drunks

The next day
Run'n around the city streets
With La Chilanga

I hear 'Tejano!'
It was that drunk guy
From the bus

I remember him

IV

Old men narrate their day
Now approaching thirty
Have I lived all of my day?

I am not go'n
To end my tale
Live'n to survive comfortably
Remember'n only

Too burdened & Tied down
To earn a single brag'n rite

Deeds all done
Life's flame drained

Pressure'n the courage
To pull the trigger

To end an odyssey
Finished decades past

Rabbit the railcar rider
White-haired
Continue'n his tale till the end

His only companion a puppy
& An associate
Just released from jail

This night having the luck
for a stranger

To offer powwow
In the back alleys
On a Missoula night

.

.

It is hard to describe the fright
At see'n the compass turn
Round & Round Erratically

Nights plagued with
Cries, growls & melodies

Nuts tossed down
By large monkeys
Perched in canopy

Despite this
An evil place

Bent to swallow all life
With life

The Jungle is the best place
To travel barefoot

.

.

Christina only 16
But big brothers
Know best

A month in Jamaica
Cures all ailments

We would wade to
Monkey Island

Take in red wisps of sunset
In ocean water
Into a Coconut Bong

Roam'n on an island
All to ourselves
Among large lizards & canopy

Jump'n off the 30ft cliff
To waters
Green, clear & warm

We waded back at dusk
Avoid'n the prick of
Red Sea Urchins

-

I commented as we ate
Fresh Jerk Fish
' This is delicious
' Cept for all the bones

Christina looks up
Face smeared of fish
None left in the foil
' There were bones?

.

South Texas Moon
Bright for harvest

Above the schoolgrounds
Sleep'n on cardboard

The pack of us
No where else to go
But right here

Swisher lick'd & roll'd
Pass'n the tight blunt
Round that roof

' What you think Clay
I look'd for counsel
Have'n never hit

' Not a big deal
' To do it or not
He assured me

The smokey coal taste
Hit me with immediate revulsion

There was no Cherry Taste
There was no Scooby Doo

.

.

V

I approached a girl
On the streets of Cancun

Her at a park
7am with a cat

The cat perched
On her backpack
As she walk'd

She was part of
La Banda

A transient gang in Mexico
That perform & sell
To fund their travels

The day spent
Run'n the streets
Ship'n her clothes
Home to Mexico City

We tested our character
Find'n a kindred need
To dodge cars & roam freely

Everyone gave
Their own peculiar look

First they thought
This girl looks like trouble

The shaved side of her head
Tattooed with leopard prints

Her arm bore
The tattoo of the
Closed Power Fist
Annotated with
' Libres

Shortest Shorts & Boots
A big ass black backpack
Where the Mijares perched

Next they would think
What business
Would this gringo have
With this street girl?

Looked like
I was try'n to buy
& She was sell'n

People on the street
Would yell things to us
That I couldn't follow
She would laugh amused

That was my first day
Back in Mexico

I left in search
Of the Lacandonian Jungle
At 4:20 pm

She gave me an adios
With a kiss on the cheek

When you live life raw
It rewards you
With people you need
When you need them

.

People listen
To the stories of my life

An adventurer
A pirate

That is how I design
The labor of my devotion

I am primal
The nomadic breadth
In me searches

Towards the open roam
To the free forage

Done in its
Own time & pace

The wilderness offers us
The answer to live harmoniously

Accept the reality of Anarchy

Fight for food
Fight for life
Fight for freedom

My motorcycle is a
Pinnacle of engineering

My server is industrial-grade

My skills grow fast
My body is fit

My unix systems
Exchange information

Anonymous & Insubstantial
As a haunt'n spirit

That Anarchy be preserved
In this systematic epoch

Where I go I am respected
People listen
To the stories of my life

.

.

VI

When the world is wrong
She tells me why

If the path ahead
Serves better as a bed
Her breath births new resolve

Often creativity
A lunatic's lie
The haze of her presence
Become the clouds
From which I fly

Frequently my words hack
Distastefully at the page
Her warm kiss lets me know
She loves me anyway

Responsibility may keep us
Apart for sometime
But not forever
She knows this with
Silent understanding

She is secure our reunion
Will be passionate
Joyous always
Our brief moments

Hand in hand
Under open sky

The grass be forever green
420

.

In the jungle you can
Give yourself time
Carry'n food

But you cannot move
Without a machete

My compass spun erratically
I grasped the GPS

Know'n if lost
Would do in the done

Normally
There is up
There is down
There is over
There is under

In the jungle
There is mostly only thru

Thru a medium of plants
By machete

Plant life so thick
I would be suspended 2ft
With 2 packs
Weighing a total of 60lbs

There is no
Watch'n for snakes

Only plunge'n body first
Into an expanse of sharp ferns
Tunnel'n thru webs of vines
Wade'n swamps waist high
That suck downwards
Towards the darkness of the mud

Navigate'n lands
 Of invasive creeks
 That made landmark'n impossible

 There is no sanity

 Turn'n right
 The GPS shows
 A leftward course

 Travel'n straight
 Towards a short fixed-distance ahead
 The GPS revealed
 The path a tight circle

 For a short time I tasted
 What it was
 To be the most bad-ass person
 I ever met

 But now
 Several weeks later
 I have only one taste linger'n
 The tang of defeat

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 .
 .

VII

I swear with exhausted soul
I will only go
To the first bushes

Just to kiss Mary
Then head back to archive

After the joint is rolled
I open the door

Amerith perks up expectantly
From the other side

He came to answer
Mary's smell

No creature
Can smile like dogs

He knows
Tonight will be epic

His misunderstand'n
His fault

After the joint is smoked
I find myself discover'n

A new trail
A better trail

One year by 5mi of mountain
& I have something new
To discover each weekend

The frosted thickets
Pink in the moonlight
Like frozen strawberry milk

But this place is not sweet
Do not reveal yourself

The woods are never empty
Do not disturb the deer
Do not attract the lion

.

.

Karma hits like a bitch
From behind with a brick

You just got to take it
Cause that's how women work

.

.

A few months ago
I was kicked out of the jungle
By a tribesman with a machete
& Another with a rifle

Can I keep risk'n life
In the pursuit of adventure?
Or do I settle hustle'n
In one place?

Get fat while the get'n is good
I guess

God knows
Adventure'n only feeds you enough
To keep on go'n

.

.

My weapons are of

The Elite Grade

This machete built
Like a cleaver

Distinctly indigenous in structure
The heft of it
Would serve a butcher

Out in the Jungle
That blade served me well

Burst'n into the open
No longer lost & look'n back

Into that deep cylinder
2ft above the ground

Carved by the machete
My exodus like a drill

Envy would grip
The tribesmen

When they tested
Its decisive cuts

.

.

Most memories are
Of dramatic excitements

But now in my age
I wish to cherish

The savor of new mountainsides
Or the small trickles
Of pure springs

Mother Nature's beauty
Is too emense to describe
I can only take away impressions

.

.

Green Bull

The shadow of
Relentlessness

-

This Friday
As many past

Up since morn
Work the day
Home to tinker

Blazed Up & Coffee brew'd

See'n the next sun
Till it well risen

.

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.

VIII

Those who have
fame & honors
poser ass muthrfkrs

Here
How I am
The way I live

This is the
Pinnacle of humanity

No respect
Nor admiration

Pure from fame
Still got game

I forge a legend
In spontaneous bursts

This life
Is not a choice
Only a reaction

A catalyst towards combustion
When paired to most environments

All torques violently
Where it receives me

Since no one else
Is go'n to write my Legend
You get this autobiography

.

.

In day-to-day conversation
This past year
People commented

' You don't stink
' I thought you would stink

Yeah life got rough
I been at the bottom

Still
The top is always up

2015
Sup

.

.

Now I face a dark stage
I am nervous about my
Journey to the jungle

Streets weren't safe
Preach'n wasn't safe
Trail wasn't safe
Road wasn't safe
Ride'n isn't safe

Technically
If I find a suitable water source
I should be able to survive

Technically

.

.

Word to my kind
Who died

Happy High & Drowned

In that lake in Maine

Leave'n 420
As your last words
The shelter's book

Leave'n this life
In Cold's shock

Glad you went a peaceful way
Tho your company
Would be appreciated today

.

IX

One memory I hold special
Of all the 2400 hours uptime

Online in the
World of Warcraft
At the Timeless Isle

We put our self to the work
Of cleanse'n those
Of the faction

Twix bears the symbol
Of our blood-fued
The Horde

Fifteen cyber knights
Of The Horde

Gathered atop
To stop our crusade of kill'n

Us
Three amigos

Charged head upon them
On that hilltop

After much brave fight'n
& Death to The Horde

We charged on thru to
Get The Fuck Out

Khlamidia
The guardian-angel Night Elf

Fearwolf
The Worgan warrior

BarnabyJones
The Warlock

We all got out
Of that fight alive

Cept for Fearwolf
Respect to that fallen homie

.

.

When surrounded you hear
' Put your hands
' Behind your head
' We got 17 counts on you

You can then
Understand the life
& What it is like
To be Me

.

.

My favorite times
To do wheelies
Are when Christina
Is weigh'n down the back

Once next to a family
The light hit green
The eyes of the family
Plastered onto the minivan windows

As they saw us leap
Upon the back tire

Take'n off

Turn'n left

Thru the intersection
On one wheel
The whole way

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. .
Aun in Mexico City
Thousand miles
From the jungle

People knew
From the deep lashes
Upon my arms & legs
I'd been lost in the jungle

. .
Christina advised
' Don't hit too hard

' I smoke Chronic
I shout'd cautiousless

Think'n this only a
Pseudo-marijuana

But Ryan & Christina
Had snuck in
Salvia-Times-Sixty

—
Black
Point of Light
Point of Dimension
Point of Area
Point of Corporal
Point of Position
Point of Global
Point of Relations

—
Down the rabbit hole
I fell thru reality
Until I came back up
Out the other side

Remembrance since reboot

I'd say
Life is much
Like a unix computer

.
. .
Faith

Not something taught
Not something given

Found only
After long darkened toil

Faith
Not to Flip Flop

Faith
To trust a way
Around the impassible river

Faith
To cross 100mi wilderness
Sick & Crawl'n

Faith
The march forward
Despite all external proofs
To the contrary

Faith

Isn't a knowledge
Of things not seen
That is nonsensical dogma

Faith
Is an All-In

Faith
Know'n the future should fail
Tho continue'n anyway

Faith
Understand'n
This the only way
V
V
V

The earth my mattress
 The heavens my ceiling
 The moon my light

My boot
 The pillow upon which
 I rest my weary head

A peaceful mind
 With a simple life

Go'n where I care to go
 Stop'n where I care to stop

My only relationship
 With the sky & her dramatics

The large expanse
 Cares not for my issues

Why should I care for hers?

But as she becomes
 Burdened with troubles
 So do I

Unable to counsel
 Only Listen & Feel

I suffer her tears
 I endure to her cry

If Life is hell
 But Hell is worse

Then why do you
 Now feel so terse?

An email to you my favorite
 Deviant Art Artist

nicktheartistfreak

I am very happy that you would depict my prose
 I have changed the project from pedrk.com

My present life would suit best
 To be memorialized

Tho I have done great deeds
 Of some
 Stories told & songs writ
 [autobiographical of course]

I can deny not
 That my present life

Suits me best
 To Boast & Brag

Enter the master bedroom
 In my redneck cousin's house

You take in my
 7ft steel unix server

Modular & variant
 Are the levels

That compose this tank
 Of an archive

You are told this archive
 Has substantially
 More terabytes of valuable data

Than of any known across
Defcon
vBSDcon
ZFSdev.summit

You like the orange Osprey pack
Affectionately hook'd on top

Stained by thousands
Of miles of mountain

‘ Sun to the right
‘ Till it never set

You walk around the machine & experience
1337 Hi-Tech
Hacker command center

All black devices emanating
A Razer green light

You count
4-monitors 3-keyboards
8-*puters 10-external drives
Beautifully assembled

cli til def!
BSD 4 Life
Anarchy on the NET

Will you describe that?
In that Hypersexual
Violent & Macabre fashion
Of the pieces
You have long displayed

.

My 10th Thanksgiving
My sister
[older by two years]

Decided today
Would be the day

At the bay Downtown
Lie a building
Dark Still & Gothic

Once a place of Punishment
Now calling to all
Spirit-Seekers & Adventurers
A Testament to their Ways

Beauty is beheld as
Sky Sea & City
Sync in dank motions

Thru thin skin
We absorb'd charged energies

Survey'n the monolith
From the catwalk
Inhale'n Corpus Christi
From on high

Salt Street Decay
Man & Machine

Look'n down to the yard
Of the Courthouse
All Fenced & Boarded

A homeless pass'n & understand'n
Our speculation advise'd

' There
He pointed with his ancient finger
' Thru that hole in the fence

' There
He pointed to a
Particular boarded window
' That one is loose

We watched him meld into Downtown
The plan was too solid to deny

The building is large
& We hard to find

—

Damp Dim & Decrepit
All lie under a layer
Of thick Texan dust

Wooden stairs
Wide & intricately-carved
With 20ft holes

Gape to swallow the unwary
To fall to a deep belly of debris

Like teeth
Its spears wait hungrily

—

All furniture lay piled
In the center
Of each courtroom

Lump'd as one guilty heap
Lawyer Layman Judge & Jury

The levels went on & on
Maintain'n solidarity in theme

Matter sentenced
To hallowed depths

Matter consecrated
By memories

All conspire'n to rip down
This ancient Gomorrah
In a suicide's release

-

Condemnation kept to the
Fifth Floor
A place of horror

What light breached
thru small windows
Was filtered further by bars
Cold Heartless & Demean'n

Have we the right to
Life & Liberty

Expulsion humane
Against this captivity
Under the hands of Beasts

Each cell an altar
Shrines Idols & Sacrifices
Adorned to encapsulate the

Infinite & Individual
Violence of the past

Victims returned on mecca
In Reconciliation

Form'n embodiments
From their suffer'n & bondage

Eject'd & Confined
Back to this temporal limbo

Birth'd & Abort'd
At this temporal junction

Complete'n a cycle
In precious ritual

One cell I remember
A doll bound

Hand & Foot
Stuck & Cut

Graffiti'd with mutilations

Then
My sister grasped my arm
Point'n thru the bars

Deep in the distance
At a large form
Swift & Search'n

' Run
She yelled

We found the stairs
Down & down
In desperate leaps

Unable to distinguish the levels
Pray'n no basement would entrap us

We emerged
Out of that building

Yet on the other side
From where we had entered

Tho young
We were both veterans
To this stage

.

.

.

XII

' fk it lets go '
A slogan to which I default

Before death defy'n leaps
Off waterfalls
Into dark waters

Or into gateways
Open & Await'n

-

4am Salty
On the Cancun beach
Caked in seawater grime

The flight landed
Well into the night

I had nowhere to go
But here

I met a hustler
Empty of pocket

This zaney character
A pathway I could not decline

We made concession
I paid for a shower & a bowl

He revealed himself a Magician
& Gave me a potion
Which I drank in prudent sips

The Magick he practiced
Was of the vein of Pain

A scorch embedded
Deep in his flesh
Of a cigar ember held
By his Master
To imbue the brew we drank

His farewell was a forewarn
To not cast the elixir away

-

In the Jungle
Situation compelled me
To discard the elixir
upon the ground

.

.

.

Babe
I'm crazy as hell

How else do you think
I have so many stories to tell

Two Thousand Miles of Mtn
Alone
Of Course
I am
Just a little bit
Off

I care little for
Here or There

It is the same
Pretty much everywhere

All I care for is the story
rich dick richard rick skrp

I'm a man of many names
But what you hear of me

May prove Legend

Tho I be
As batty as a second-rate hag

Perk your ear for a hear
I always have something to tell you

Tho you think me kooky
It is because with insanity

I only see thru people
Your presence is purely ethereal

.

.

Mania
Diagnosed

Awesome to Live
By those Slopes

Slow ups
Go'n only one direction

& Those fast downs
Rapid but irratic

-

What religious magnificence
Works a fire into blaze

Combustions
Eminate in naked forms

Birth'd
By the hands of Man

Upon the product
Of his Mother Nature

Until ashe
Each sing songs in
Celestial Styles

Freed from
Corporal form

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XIII

Over 10 long years
I wrote
Over 10 long years
It read `gibberish`

Now at the cusp of 30
The bud has bloomed

The petals of mastery
Set in place & color

-

On the Jordan River Trail
Meander'n among paths
Thru summer reeds

Calm'd by the smell
Of the stale decay

My red pen poised
Cock'd to make
The first mark of many

Tho as I read on & on
Each page
Came & went unstained

The words sang
Songs of Myself
A voice at a tune
All my own

.

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Jason Stevo Isac & I
Capitalized on the custom
Of gas stations

To stack 12 packs of coke
Outside their glass walls

The outside is the side
To which the rambunctious
Lay claim

-

In one elaborate scheme
We hop'd over one fence
& Thru another

Form'n a Daisy Chain
Pass'n the booty under & over

Run'n hands full
Back to the Get-A-Way truck

We charge'd with the exhilaration
Of the unlikely success of execution

Jason our resident
Get-A-Way-Driver
Stood casually outside

His elbow
Prop'd upon on the hood
Of the Red Izuzu

Go! Go! Go!
We clamor

' Can't we got a flat
Jason responded cool
As if a workers union
Protected him

We got away

5mph Down the street
To stop & change tires

That day was canonical
Before we rampaged Downtown

The owner of that car
will drop his jaw
When he realizes
The reason the car won't go

Is because there is a vacancy
Where the battery should be

We four continued on
To a remote haunted airfield
Long abandoned

There find'n a couch
Also abandoned

Lit a bit on fire
Which escalated into a bonfire

In the middle of
The Texan plain

—

Out back in the wastelands
Drink'n our cokes

We enjoyed the view
Of the distant Firefighters

.

.

Elementary

Spin'n the globe round
Love'n to slightly press
Let'n it stop randomly

Ask'n myself
‘ Would I go there someday?

Newfoundland always a yes
Remote & To-Itself

.

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Showers

Relishment of renewal
Refresh'n Body & Soul

Cleanse'n off daily scum
Sleep'n naked in sack
Cozy & Peaceful

—

Those years in Mexico
Heat'n the water year-round
With Bucket & Hot-Iron

From Spring to Winter
In the Appalachians
Puddle or Cold-Spring

Out on the streets
Carry'n heavy sack
Civilization at Fingertips

The crave of
The comfort of
Familiarity

XIV

I studied maps of the
American Wildernesses

The Selway
I chose as our most wild

-

The nights
A cold Hell

The Ground leeched away
Heat & Sleep
From my back
In timeless torture

Eventually I added
Leaves & Scruff
As insulation to lay upon
Only to discover

The Air leeched away
Heat & Sleep
From my front
In timeless torture

My rations
Honey Soup Garlic & Cheese

Unable to kill naught
But a Rattlesnake's Mother

At the dusk of Winter
Before the teach'n of Spring

The Universe gave a Child
An unlikely opportunity
To retain heritage

The Mother & I fought savagely on the cliff

Unable to shoot with my rifle nor pistol
Against the bare rock of the walls

I set at it
With my Navy Seals knife

10 long minutes of battle
Exhausted my available techniques
Into a shameful stalemate

Then I followed her glances
To a boulder nearby

She saw me look at it
With greedy eyes

I took to it
For a cheap win

With both hands tug'n
Then expose'n

Both
Den & Child

The unjust demands of life
Bade it
Bite or Run

A proper strike
Would have saved both their lives

To my death's remand
The Child fled

Consequently
He smelt the cook'n

of his mother roast'n
On a riverbed fire

. .
Alone I wander the world
No friend to match my pace
No gaze parallel to my own
A solitary pane of reality

-
In gather'n nests of hackers
None find I familiar

Adventurer tales recounted
Lack true grit

-
The written word
Our contemporary selfie

-
Why does the caged bird sing?
Channel'n bottled energies
Towards an Inter-Species melody

. .
‘ Boys will be boys
An elderly lady justified

Green spiked hair
Handmade punk vest
Jinco Jeans
Cut off at the calves
Held up by a dangle'n noose
Boots for stomp'n

I guess I was the peacock of the bunch
But that didn't take out
Any of my kick

Dangerous
Mothers run'n to cover their children
Men avoid'n my gaze at all costs

Cops
Security Guards
Thug bitches

But a truck of rednecks
We run from those rich-bred & fed

.

.

XV

There are many calls
Songs to bring on the night

Fits of Gossip
& Of Communication

Insects Birds Mammals Reptiles
The jungle hosts many

But there is one cry
Best over the rest

The Spanish Mating Call

How could the wild ignore
The commotion of her fuck

Not see the bamboo hut
Standing Tall & Solitary
Shudder in prolonged ecstasy

Resonate'n from primal loins

Sacred
Irresistible

Those calls of !Que Rico!
From hot-blood

All creatures fall silent
In respect & curiosity

A good-bye to all the men
That were her friends

Leave'n all but one
Want'n with need

Shameless & Proud
Full-bodied
Smooth of pitch
Drawn in longing

For all to hear
But one to answer

.

.

Google Maps pathed me
To this northern town

North beyond Edmonton
It caters as a crossroads

For the only 2 highways
Continue'n North

An elderly Canadian couple hosted a garage sale
I approached them with an offer
I hope not refused

Twenty American
To lodge my motorcycle on their property

That I should continue on
To the isolated North
By hitchhike

They wouldn't let me leave
Without a full stomach

A dinner of
Friends, family, posterity

A classic canadian meal
Is always complemented

By warm'n a stranger

.

My lil sis Chistina
Only really ever
Says dumb things

Lose'n sense of height
Degrade'n black people
In a Jamaican jungle
Near a black man with a machete

Or in Washington DC
Insist'n a local
The National Monument was the Pentagon

Or in front of Walmart exclaim'n
' Oh shit its the Cops!
5ft from the cops

.

Diahreea
Deadly flush of the bowels

Christmas Eve
I nearly died

Ulcers Fever
Salmonila & Pnemonia

Find'n the doctor in the church

Take'n her from her guests
Enjoy'n las fiesta

With Her & my companion
She tells me I need a shot

I roll up my shirt sleeve
They look at me not understand'n

' No you need to bend over
' In Mexico we shoot by butt

Merry Chritmas Elder

.

.

XVI

Oh that night on the open road
The only road continue'n North

There at
Indian Cabins Beer & Liquor

The owner exhibited gold
He sifted from a nearby stream

To a speculate'n
Province Surveyor

I spectated
Despite the owners distrust

The surveyor asked where
I was headed

He took me in
With his eyes for a time

You best buy
Yourself some beer

This is an isolated place
Of unsatiated alcoholism

I'll take you as far
As the 60th Parallel North

There you will be left
To Mercy & Mosquitoes

Hold that beer high
Promote it with all you've got

Mayhap this night
You will find yourself in Yellowknife

Howbeit, if you are stuck
At the 60th Parallel

Naught a sign nor house
Within 600 kilometers

Be grateful
Here the sun never sets

Be grateful
For your twelve pack

.

.

Two officers of 14 years
Lied in court
That I fought them

For justification to arrest me
Cause I was irritated
With a Transit Cop front'n up to me

Granted I did troll them
Before the hearing
As only a master could

Several months later
After the internal investigations filed
I saw the Officer

Maybe I feel regret
Understand'n his current state
But maybe not

Fk the police

.

.

Once hitch'n
I got high with a father
& His teenage son

Haven forgotten
I was in the backseat

The two continued their argue
A tension that gave no repose

The son said he felt awkward

' You fucked all my girlfriends
' That makes me feel awkward

The father broke free
His bottle'd pressure
That tensed each interaction
With his son

Say'n what need'd to be said

I felt awkward
When they remembered me

When I come roll'n thru
Ain't nobody you ever met like me

Whatever you learn of me
You always remember

The settled hazel gaze
That irritatite'n smirk

Apparel innately aggressive
Beard Un-tame'd & Wild

At the last gas station before the US Border
Alberta side

Have'n the odd misfortune
To run out of gas
At the only place
That didn't have her flavor

At the exact place
I ran out of gas
More than a week earlier

The attendant of this
One Pump Station

Remembered me distraught
From the first time
Have'n to settle for non-Premium

Stuck in the middle of pastures
Never seen most of
What was on the TV

Then to see me
A wayward travel'r

Champion of adventure
A symbol of
Something-Now-Lost

Cheerily you asked
' When will you be back

' Likely never
I respond
' Where I go I seldom return

I mostly meet strangers
Strangers see me

Most accurate for who I am

.

.

If you stay a few days
 In the same location
 The ruckus of cries
 Caused by the gossip of your arrival
 Will become old news

Beautiful melodies will resume
 Birds Insects Mammal Reptiles

All synced in a choir of joy
 At the coming of night

At the bank of a large river
 I waited out that night

So black
 No inch visible

Clutch'n my machete
 To my breast
 Like a babe it's bear

Horrible howls called
 From one side of the river
 To the other

Closer & Closer
 More surround'n
 With each response

I lay wait'n
 For dastardly monkeys
 To leap upon me in gangs

Or some silent anaconda
 Bored with its usual meat

Large & Swollen
 From an uncontested life

To snake around & around
 Coil'n me up

My hammock
 A convenient trap'n
 Like an American snack wrap'n.

-

That river was impassable
 Cept for a natural underwater bridge

A rock formation
 That ran the width
 1ft Under water level

I'd found it during my bath
 I planned to venture across the next day

It was during my morning shit
 When the Lacandonians

[the tribe indigenous to this jungle]
 Found me for the second time

They gawked at me & my camp
 Flabbergasted

Forgien & Alien
 Against the wild background

They held their rifle & machete firmly
 To accent their demands
 That I leave their homeland

Truthfully
 I was happy to go

.

The Quantum Cooridates
Of my Being

Map'd to our
Dim'd universe

Are akin in product
To the formulae
Of Legends past

In 30yrs
I have done Substantial
Satisfaction poisoned to Pride

.

.

.

Archive Smuggle'n

To create a seed
To bear trees
Of Remembrance

All times
Pass to naught

Remembrant
Of humanity in its lunancy
Of Digital Era

Errors hope'd not
Repeated

Instruction Violence
& Entertainment

Testaments of Sin
Testaments of Enlightenment

May man not walk
In the darkness of his past

.

.

.

4am

On a winter's night

A night spent explore'n
The limits of the trail

Something came off the mtn
Its echos follow'n our own

A dark form stalked up
To the boulders at our back
Yet at a distance

We fled into the outer city
To drink from a sprinkler

It prowled over the highway
Follow'n

Head'n back to the canyon
30min later

On the other side
From where the beast
Had crossed

Shadowed by the headlights
Of the only car
Out on this abandoned stretch of road

Creep'd the form of Mtn Lion
In my blind spot
Perch'd to pounce

Scared across
Into a parking lot by the car
The Mtn Lion drew cover

Scared across
The wide pavement of the highway
Amerith & I flew

A quarter mile later
Forced to go the long way
8mi Around

I walked over
A sleep'n homeless
The Mtn Lion likely still tracked us

Remote still
This place above the tracks

Try to explain that to a homeless
Who didn't even accept money

Offered in an attempt
To pave a way to explain
The dire situation he was in

Better off he just not know
Nor feel regret at not believing
The story of a killer beast

.

.

If on a rainy day
You caught shelter
During the intensity of the storm
In the underground tunnel
Under the road

Huddle'n there
You saw me coming

Large umbrella
Enshroud'n a bearded man
With a Hi-Tech Nike jacket
All black & hooded tightly

Expensive jeans & kicks

Ask'n you what time it was
I approached & I passed
To allow your nervousness relief

But then stop'n
At the other end
Of that dark & deep tunnel

I asked again
' What time was that?

' 4:20
You respond again

' Oh well
' I got to be getting back again
' Sorry
I respond in answer

Apologize'n
Because of the fear
Left forgotten on your face
Endure'n the suspicious repass'n

.

.

.

Yes

I've been told
I'm Self Absorb'd

Still
Don't give a fk

.

.

.

#dc801 irc.freenode.net

<skrp> http://imagebin.ca/v/29uYWbJ6ijEn
<skrp> ^ my system

<hashrocket> looks pretty awesome!

<yukaia-lappy> haha, nice skrp. how many hdds?
<d3c4f> damn, skrp what's your power bill on that monster?

.

.

.

Discover'n Azeroth
With a friend
Both new Death Knights

' free ports
Llune shouts

Naively trust'n
Both immediately portal

' Why are we dead?
You ask your friend

After have'n fallen
From Ancient Dalaran

Free in life
Ain't always free

The World of Warcraft
Is the best place
To lesson such Wisdom

.

.

.

Russians catalogued millions of books
Into a database

It replicated & transported
Via torrent protocol

Most of its mirror'd databanks
Unearthed & Eradicated
But not all

In time I managed
To uncover the treasure
Of its repository
Folded in the deep

—

Months & Months
Turn'n to years
I have dedicated
Towards its acquisition

That this foreign
Yet humanitarian feat

Attain'd to retain
Our species intelligence

Be not lost
Due to tyrants & their greed

.

.

.

Deep in the Jamaican Blue Mountains
Thru the twisty narrow
Red dirt road

Christina & I roamed
The landlady's dog
Trail'n at our heels

The mutt displayed
Vivaciousness & Worth
Chase'n off cars

‘ Richie we got to stop it
‘ It will get hit!

I reply annoyed
But mathematically

‘ Christina
‘ The dog lives on this road
‘ What are the chances

‘ That of all the days
‘ Today it will get hit?

We had to return
The landlady her dog
Bloody & missing a toe

.

.

.

XX

I was once approached
By a man
He was well-built
From his lifetime
Build'n with bricks

With only a few months in Mexico
Spanish easily eluded me

What I had misinterpreted
As friendly conversation
Was revealed a dire situation

When my Mexican missionary companion
Took shelter in my shadow

‘ Voy a rompar tu cara!
The bricklayer exclaimed fiercely at me

After he had taken the time to narrate
The mistreatment he had endured in America

My order bound me
To play the sacrificial lamb
& Take the asskick'n like a man

‘ Mira tu camisa
My companion squeaked from behind me
Point'n to the enrage'd man's shirt

The man unclenched his fists
& He unclenched his jaw
Which dangled open & loosely

As he stared down stoopified
At the large American Flag
He wore on his chest

.

.

.

People think
Because we are not compatible
I have some defect of character

They say I am too cocky
& I am of pure embellishment

But I see them
In complacent lives

Compared against
My great historys of Adventure

What regard or relation
Could I associate with such beings

Precious souls as mine
Encounter few kindred spirits

Those I meet
Are mostly incompatible

Life goes on
In different ways
For different days

I cherish my life
Love yours

Mayhap you one day enact
a story to behold

.

.

.

I once met a witch
One hot summer in Mexico

Her abode
Uncannily cold upon our arrival

By the time we took our leave
The temperature would oddly normalize
Back into a noonday oven

With her mother
They would dig up the dead

To enchant the body parts
& Bind the unfortunate souls

To reveal ancient wealth
Or conspire them into curses

—

Witchcraft was rampant
As well as the worship of
La Santa Muerte

I ventured there
To preach & teach

Two long years of righteousness
& Chaste workings

Odd
Years later it was I
Who had been converted

To the only scientific god
' The bringer of true Peace

—

All your children are equal
You will visit me
I will see your face

May my death be quick
& The Peace-of-Nothingness everlasting
Viva La Santa Muerte

.

.

XXII

The day the Lacandonians
Kicked me out of their jungle

I returned to the nearest city
Beat down & depressed

Cancun
Several states away

Yet the girl I'd met there
More than a week prior
Was not 10 blocks away

Around 10pm
She showed up drunk

Drink'n the clear liquid
As natural as water

' Come with me to my hut
' In the jungle
' I'll take you where
' There are mango trees
' Stay with me tonight

She told me with those
Big beautiful bloodshot eyes

I said my goodbyes to the hostel
To a bed that I'd never sleep in

From that moment on
I began my adventure with
La Chilanga

.

.

.

The primal breadth in me searches
Towards that open roam
To that free forage
Done in its own time & pace

The natural world offers freely
The simple answer to Harmony

Who can reject
The face of this truth

Plain as the sun
It confirms the soul

Observe'n the wild where
Each Species Different & Compete'n

Accept their place
Respect no master

.

.

I'd lost my chance
To befriend wild monkeys

Like how I'd been unable to befriend
The adolescent bears of the Appalachians

They always ran
Tho I chased them
Call'n sweetly with treats

.

.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade
MK-3 MOD 0 is no exception

Undercover & Accessible

Out on the road

In my pack
Hitch'n or Cruise'n

Once at a park
South of Calgary

Where the flood has destroyed half the town
Pump'n out the contents of the sewers

A cop kicked me up
Look'n for a felon

I went easily back to sleep
A Scout is always prepared

Consequences if assault'd
She would deliver with cruelty

.

.

I have gathered firewood
Thru the entire night
With a selected few

Out in the cold June forest
Past midnight in the
Parc de la Gatineau

The pit at the summit
Of roll'n wilderness

The homeless stranger & I
Search'd desperately
For firewood all night

Night a terrible cold
Like only Canada knows

.

.

Ottawa at dusk for the
World Unix Conference
BSDcan

Guzzel'n brews at the
Royal Oak
Ramble'n on BSD over ZFS

Leave'n early to find
Some untame ground

Past the outskirts
Of the Capital of Canada

-

' I can walk with you
' And show you the way
A UoO student got off his bike
To walk with me 15 min

Tho I merely asked
The name of the street
Always glad for company

His parents the
Classic Canadian Arizona Snowbirds

He advised I revise my plan
' Parc de la Gatineau
' Will be more gauranteed

-

20min down the path
' Utah!

Someone called out back

' There are free maps
' I brought one for you

‘ Didn’t want you to get lost
‘ On my account

Canadian winters
Cultivate a people
Sensitive to the core

•
•
•

Mexicans use concrete structures as houses
Which keep heat like ovens

Beneath
The North Mexican desert sun

Up on the foothills
A cool breeze was to be had

By sleep'n on the roof
In this poor mountain village

Not one night had passed
My missionary companion & I woke
To see football-sized concrete boulders
Shatter'n inches from our heads

The un-entertained poor
Showered down meteorites from the mountains

Crash'n in heaps
All around us

Ain't nothing new
From remains

Left by un-entertained poor
I'd seen so far

Dogs been bound by wire
& Burnt alive

Dogs dangling from the nooses
Lashed on trees

Puppies poisoned
Into excruciating deaths

For sport from want of recreation

This was my missionary companion's
First & only area on his mission

He hurt himself
In attempts to be excused honorably home

I never understood why he left

.

.

I arrived in Hong Kong
With nowhere to go

I took 5 trains
To the islandic mountains

After meeting friends
We ate at a
Remote white-sanded beach

Rumor told of a waterfall
Just around the mountain side

Tho it was late
My companions headed out
As dusk came

A waterfall to leap from
Is worth whatever risk

Under the hot Hong Kong sun
I climbed

Up & over the mountainside

To the back reaches
To the waterfall

To arrive alone
At the last rays of day
&
Take the leap
Into untested dark waters

.

.

Once as I hitch'd to Canada
The guy give'n me the lift
Offered me a job with his brother Jeff

I built houses with that
Sect of Polygamists
All summer long in Montana

I will never forget

' Jeff you know we are related
' In about 4 different ways

.

.

.

Yesterday

I woke in a fit of compulsion
By 7am my pack was ready

A certain day of the year inspires me

I took the train to its
End-of-the-line
North to Ogden

After consult'n
With the local homeless
I found the spot to hitchhike North

Today
There was only one canyon
Between me & Helena
After 5 hours I became defeated

A rickity car pulled over
I shoved my heap of things
Into the back seat with me

They were a couple in their early 30's
Who offered me drink
Of clear liquid
From a Sprite bottle
That I declined

Further down the road
I repack'd the pile into my bag

The man drive'n
Commented wrily

' You won't be needing
' To worry about that soon

I tensed at the comment
They laughed in that lofty
Too High To Give a Fuck tone

Slowly I realized
As the car began
Careless drifts

The situation was entirely different
From what I had suspected

I released the grip of my blade
That was tuck'd out-of-sight
But never out-of-reach

The car began
More dramatic swerves
Enter'n the canyon

From the outer edge of one side
To the outer edge of the other

On this two lane highway
Northwards Butte to Helena

Our velocity a constant 80 mph

Each turn a hope for death
But never
With commitment to end

Typical of
Passive Hippie Pussies

It was thirty miles
Of canyon twists

Before the police
Chased us down

Faced to make the choice
The weak caved

—
Death has always been
A familiar face

But it was this
Long & intimate dance
That won my love

A true Celebration
of my birthday

I was alive
But born again

.

Ferry Ride
All night to Newfoundland

Out on deck
Closest to the ocean

Rumor told
‘ Gros Morne
‘ Remnant of the Appalachians

Providence Unfold’n
The next day hitch’n

The five rides
Like fate brought me

Up those bogs
Of Gros Morn
I felt I walked
With an ancient Native

Feed’n the animals
Understand’n a different way

Three days to travel
For one night
Three days to return

—

In Benos Aires
I stayed a month with a cult

That allowed spirits to dance
All night in their bodies

I wouldn’t deny
Such understand’n

.

I live a lawless life

Far or Near
Govt reigns supreme

Beast or Man
No earth to be free

An omnipresent foe
Heretorefore unimaginable

Fear can not stop me
That at risk
Worth much more than mere life

XXV

‘ Beware: Do not feed the monkeys
‘ They form gangs
‘ To rob people of their food

Monkey Hill
Hong Kong

My quest took two afternoons
End'n as I crossed the bridge

To a hill full of monkeys
Who needed a champion

The Historical Sign read
The monkeys were imported

To eat the poisonous plants
Around the riverbanks
In order for this area to be founded

Now this Beware sign asks
Abandon the monkeys
To forage on their own

—

I've always wanted
To be a gang leader

Befriend these packs of monkeys
With a feast
They would recognize my value

My pack was full
Of different foods
I'd been accumulate'n
For this celebration

The monkeys may just raid
Me & my camp
Attack'n me in the night

The monkeys may just like me

They would recognize my friendly power
& Unite under my scheme'n

Either way
This was to be a party to never forget

—

Above a shrine of stone
At the point of a foothill
I set up camp for the rain

My 2nd hammock lashing
Was not in my bag
Was not in my pack
Not anywhere to be found

That slight piece of equipment
Would betray me of shelter
From the hard rain to come

—

Head'n from Monkey Hill
Back to downtown Hong Kong
1:30am I wandered directionless

Earlier Ducki commented
She always wanted
To enter a building
But was too scared
The Indians were always fighting outside

Sure enough
As we entered

A flock of seven Indian males began fight'n

Like small sparrows
do in a bicker

-

Now across the street
Was that same building
An Indian approached me

With an offer I could not refuse
My own room for under \$30

Sure enough
He had to fight against another Indian
But he got us to the elevator

I'd never been on an elevator that small
That had to go so high

.

.

The black Jamaican
Hosted us in a room
The room had a painting

A quiet night of a white family
Dining in their home
A black man poised
With a rifle outside their window

The painting read
'Never Forget'

.

.

.

XXVI

I researched pathways on Google Maps
Of one Hong Kong Island

Nighttime on the pathway
I saw lights
Swift & Search'n
Miles off
At the other end
Of this ocean cove
I assumed it a Lighthouse

At the other end
Of the ocean cove
I found no lighthouse

Only a sign in
Cantonese & English
But I care naught for adversements

Up the only path
Up the hill to a village
Which cultivated the slopes
Of this Mountain Ravine

There near the summit
Lay a house
Large Wooden & Old

Odd to see a non-vacant house
Look Dead & Still

Farm paths led different places
I stayed on the path
That led to the mountain pass

The search'n lights I'd seen
From the other end
Of the ocean cove
Were now focused
On something at the mountain pass
The lights became many

The action of the beams disturbed me
By the nature of its frantic movements
To the extent I decided to retreat

Failed & deeply distraught
I knew this the only path

I headed back
There repass'n the sign
I stopped to read it

' If you cross this border
' You trespass
' Into a private village
' We will assume you are a thief
' And treat you accordingly
.
.
.

DefCon 23
Dropped off in Las Vegas
Alone with no plan at night

Under 20 minutes
I sat hold'n a
Black dealer's
Gold chain

Collateral
As he went
To get my weed

-

Las Vegas lights are trippy

When you are high
Smoke'n a joint
You roll'd out back

The lights to my back
Turned out to be
Not the cops

But that fright had startled me
My smartphone
Fell & shattered

Destroy'n any way to contact
Those who had my room

From Wed morning at 7am
Till Saturday afternoon at 3pm
I went without sleep

—

Las Vegas

The only city
Where the night is life

& The day
Only a drunken stumble home

.

.

.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade

None more fine in the grade
Of practicality
& Brotherly protection

1100mi into the Appalachians
Christina would join me

For one month
Of 400mi of mountain

Downtown Harrisberg Penn
At a military surplus

As an Eagle Scout
It is a surprise
To bled when testing a blade

I decided to return
To purchase what kiss'd me

Tho there was no money to spare
Her lipstick served
Too strong a memory

The Spax SP-18
Cost a dear \$50

.

.

.

A binary god
Shape'n reality

Hack'n unix
After mine own likeness

Faith to preserve
Intelligence digitally

.

.

.

Aged
Fermented in Failure

These songs resonate from
A salted soul

Have'n only succeeded

By the statistical need

For all functions
To have outliers

Turn'n to the written word
To salvage the debris

Of visions strewn asunder
Where once epic schemes bloomed

In all the glory
Of imaginations

-

Tho pained evermore
Still peace reins

Where there are no
Unanswered questions

.

.

Live'n Fast
To Die Young
Since Childhood

13 & Down those bayside slopes
Body cruch'd to the longboard

Luck the only guardian
To keep a car
From intercept'n at bottom

.

.

Friday Night
Sanctified of Mary

Coffee run'n its course

Consoles Alt'd
Scroll'n by

Man pages print'n & mark'd
To issue way

When the fabric of mind
Beg's Mercy & Repose

But repose it will not have
For that is the secret
To this Sanctification

Till Stress
Pressure'n Full-Throttle

Only fertile offer'n
Mary savors sweetly

Upon such grounds
Great Gifts Bestow'd

Purified by insight
On extra-natural planes

Upon that Transcendental
To Quest for questions

After rummage'n thru a hostel
For leftover food

The workers trim'n the trees
Proselytized their community
As place to stay & eat

We traveled to their land
On the wealthy side of Virginia

This cult held
' All Things In Common

It was weird all over
Felt just like
My mormon childhood

.

.

An old Lady & I haggled
In a tucked away shop
On an off-season
Stretch of beach

She wouldn't let the piece go
But at a steep price

Nevertheless
The season was mine
' I will pay \$80
' Get more cash
' And pay more in the morning

Context communicated
I don't have the cash
Take comfort in a false gamble
To save face

A split second betrayed her concession
As the woman was about to respond

Christina decided to chip in
' I promise we will come back
' You can totally trust us

I had to lecture Christina
That during the logistics of hustle'n
Shut The Fk Up
Now the lady has cause to curse

That Jamaican JuJu
Haunts me to this day

But I cannot part
With the Ironwood Artifact

.

.

Poverty is some shit
You don't know it
Unless you know it

Glue-stained nostrils of the fathers
Dirt floors & crude appliances
Of needful things

Children abused & forsaken
Where hopelessness is indeed

.

.

This work is only ever read
Under the force
Of my personal stare

I must reaffirm
That great works

By definition
Should never be grasped
Freely by whomever

Few should ever really relate

But that is the catch isn't it?
To find the few
The masses must echo

Life is a bitch
But one has to carry on
As one must

.

.

A pack of cigs
On streets

Will turn a local
Into a 2min friend

Advice imparted
With the high quality of gratitude

.

.

I am the spirit of Freedom
To roam & Let roam

Zanity unmatched
Wild untame

A stranger I come
As if always there

A stranger I leave
As if never there

-

You found my note
& Went to where I was
At McDs

Not hard to find
Where I am
In a small town

Yellow & Blue 1000RR
Honda craft'd with love

I see the loss
As you yearn speechlessly:

Why after all this time
Have you come to me
Age'd as I am

Why not when I was
Young & Undecided

Than now unable to adventure

.

.

.

Canadian Jasper Mtns

Camp'd at a rundown
Horse stable

My machine singular
Ride'n aside
The last Glacial strips

Designed for
Speed & Carve'n

To react with nimbleness
In all things

A gas attendant
Proclaimed my bike
Most beautiful of all

.

The sun
The last element in life
To fail

Gaze'n at its orbit
Restricted to a 30% spectrum

Dumbstruct
& In Denial

In Yellowknife the sun behaves in odd ways

Nothing in life
Can be known in surety

.

XXVIII

I rose like I had everyday since
Gather'n wood for the breakfast fire

I also mistakenly
Gathered a snake

The copperhead sleepy still

I kicked Christina awake
Threw her machete at her
Command'n her to kill it

The snake woke real fast
As Christina missed

They fought thru the bramble

The copperhead strike'n
Christina miss'n

Despite the undergrowth
Christina kept her focus

The snake dove
Into a leap'n strike

The machete SHINK
Split the air

The open-mouthed head
Severed from its body

Spin'n out into the distance

3Chop held the severed body
With one hand

Then peeled down
The copperhead's skin
Off with the other

3Chop tore out the guts
Washed the twitch'n corpse
In the river

Built a fire
Roast'd the unseasoned meat
& Ate

3Chop & 3Shot
A memorable Duo
Throughout 400mi of Appalachian Mtn

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My parents firmly declared
I would not own a Motorcycle
Aun with my own money

But my tongue was
Forged of silver
3mo later at Seventeen

Cruise'n on my
Cherry Red Triumph Legend 900cc
Paid in full by my parents

My sister Megan
On back
That sleepy Sunday afternoon
In Texas

Our parents in the van behind
All on the road to our cousins

A Ford Mustang

Pulled up aside

Its engine call'n me out
Disrespectfully

On green we lurched forward
Leave'n my startled parents
In the wake of fumes

I kept our race parallel
This road had an interest'n fate

The Mustang
Screeched & Skidded

As its lane turn'd
Then ended abruptly

XXIX

Born on the Air Force Base
In Mountain Home, Idaho

There ingrained
A deep respect

For the Nez Perce
Native American Tribe

—

The Selway Wilderness borders
A Nez Perce reservation

Remote still the edge
of that wilderness

Yet four Nez Perce
Came to where
The Salmon leap in season

Back at their home
On the Reservation

High-Schoolers Drop-Outs Parents
Party'd that school night

Wild to contest
Parties past of my Friday nights

The Step Dad woke me up
3am on the couch
' I don't know who you are
' So if you want to sleep
' At my house on my couch
' You have to drive to get beer

.

.

The Rite of Death
This Ritual of Awaken'n

I give as a gift
To those I love

Christina not even a teen
Would accompany me
On late walks
Upon the Urban Streets

She was to cross on her own
I-Beams that stretched
The length of this incomplete Overpass

100ft above
The ground far below

' If you make a mistake you will die

& I'd be quick to follow

—

Sawyer took upon a great boulder
Which to climb

' If you make a mistake you will die

& I'd be quick to follow

On his own he leap'd back down
From reach'n the summit
Into my anxious arms
Overstretch'n my balance on a rock

.

.

I wildcard torrent traffic

In the upper-crust
Of the undernet

Oddities & Rareities
Fall into those gutters

Once inspect'n
What had gathered for the day

Lay a fat 52.8 GB file

Weeks of leech'n
Accumulated to acquire it whole

Internet's Best Compilation Of
How To Seduce Women
videos text & mp3

Such a thing was impossible
I proclaimed defiantly
For to leech
One must first Seed

For this monument
To not only exist
But be served consistently
Escaped any rationality

The world is wide & weird
Still Darwinian limits
Inhibit all matter

—

At a party with my cousin's cousin
I discovered
He had been a Seed

XXX

I regret many things I've told women
Truth isn't always best for them

Out on that Reservation Road
Of the Nez Perce

Hitch'n for a ride
But everyone pass'n

A rickity car pulled to the side
Inside I look at the driver's side to see

Daisy Duke & Blonde
As redneck as can be

' You are the prettiest person
' To ever pick me up
I add to my thank you

~ Oh your boyfriend
~ Just broke up with you
~ You shouldn't pick up at 17
~ Just drop me off

She took me up a mountain top
To leave me stranded

While she went home
To ask her parents
' if I can keep you

She picked me up a while later
As I walk'd down
Her mother in the front seat

' My mom was okay with it
' But my dad
' Didn't like the idea

Always look before you get in

In my youth my temper
Burn'd untemper'd

The Anarchist Cookbook
One of the best reads

The Tennis Ball Bomb
The only recipe
That performed remarkably

It lay on my shelf
Untested for weeks

Until my temper burn'd
Thru all sanity

Grab'n & Throw'n Blindly
I launched the bomb

For a time
I stared at it enamor'd

Despite its deep position'n
In the closet

The match-heads burst out
In healthy flow
Land'n & stay'n lit

Every single of the thousand

Match-heads ejected

My entire world
A layer of flame

Bathroom Bedroom
Closet Kitchen & Rec-Room

.

13 & Cross'n
That West Side gang park

The one with the concrete table
That looked as the ones of stone in my books

Past midnight
Alone & Ready
To bolt at any shadow

But it was car lights
That turn'd on behind me
Parked tuck'd away
It slowly follow'd me
Down the street

Then at the sudden
Burst in a lurch at me
& Past me

Fkn cop had a good laugh
He drove off with his joke
For the day

.

.

XXXI

Rampage
Second to nothing
Of all we hold dear
The ring of that havoc
True & Forever

North Beach Corpus Christi
Remote places are desolate
At night

The stillness of night
Carries true that deep ring
Of havoc

Barclay Jason & I
Roam'd our stomp'n ground
Look'n for something to stomp

3 Hoodlums travel'd
To our city
A hood from the North

Look'n for what troublemakers look for
There find'n us

Temporary & Complementary
Were the forces that created our unique body

Like the combustion of celestial bodies
To form planets
Or destroy them in magnificence

-

North Beach Corpus Christi
Like playgrounds lay abandoned zones

Mini-Golf Courses
Funhouses
Go-Cart Tracks

Aun commercial zones were violated

Upon Resort Roofs
City Aquarium
Work Zones

There Find'n & Take'n
Fire Extinguishers
Keys from Bulldozers
Change from Fountains

Leap'n off 20ft dunes to sand
Soft & Cool
Spray'n Extinguisher thru forsaken halls
Rummage'n up a rukus

Our verbs of havoc
Carried us
Paragraph upon paragraph
On the page of Night

Till Late or Early
Depend'n on if you slept or not
Our twin trio set our depart

Back at our campground
In the marsh
Behind Jason's house we found

The homeless live'n
At those parts
Dine'd on our poptarts
& Warm'd by our fire

Nomads drift'n
From one home to another
Move'n as mass

A herd of hooligans
Out-stay'n our welcome
Wander'n to where next

As if parents in
Unsigned consortment
Paid their share
When visit came due

—

Once there was a place
That would not reject us

An abandoned warehouse
Known in the annals as
Skatehouse

Cross the street of
Miller High School

Lay the drab forgotten graveyard
Of my kin

Up & Thru
That graveyard fence
Bordered another
More recent graveyard

After those borders
You come to a grassy pathway

To where we
Cut a pathway

Thru a fence of wire
To a building
Abandoned long ago

Its concrete lot
As spacious as the oceans
Too much space to ever skate

Once some sort of
Newspaper printery
Newspapers stacked in heaps

—

Once sleep'n above in the
Overlook'n Overlord Office
All Unventilated & Grime

The night had been a wild
Party in the Graveyard

Eight of us lay there
Javi Javier Dorsey
Sal Jesus Homer
My older sister & I

Upon the 70s carpet
Caked in dust

Like sand
In a beach-side tent

Around yellow'n paper of
70s Playboy

My older sister & I
Lit them upon the candles
Spread around for light

After throw'n them
At each other

The fun spread like fire
All Toss'n & Avoid'n

We had to escape
Thru the cemeteries

As the firefighters came
Ban'n us forever
From a home span'n several months

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Hell
 I know what Front'n is
 Street kid
 From dangerous streets
 Hell I been
 In plenty of situations
 & If I'm Front'n up to you
 You will know it
 .
 .
 .
 Scum & Trash
 Those are who I meet
 On the streets
 Roanoke offered me refuge
 After the cataclysmic storm hit
 Met people thru people
 I was with people I'd met
 From those people after that
 Power been out for weeks
 That crazy-muther-fkr
 Who hosted me
 Traded internet for bud
 Maybe it was that bowl
 But I do know
 He was one crazy-muther-fkr
 I peace'd out of there
 A bit past midnight
 In the center of the city
 Jam'n to Die Antwoord
 Someone call'd me out
 For out behind
 From the bush that skirt
 A grassy hill
 Burst out a large man
 Toward me
 Face full of tats
 ' You travel'n too?
 He offered friendly gather'n
 To his camp at the hillcrest
 Zach & I hung out
 All night on that foothill
 Hell I didn't have
 Anywhere else to go
 But right here
 We trade'd stories of adventure
 But he trump'd me de facto
 Once he killed a guy
 With a pipe
 That short time was of friendship
 & Shared mutual respect
 Now I ain't say'n Zach wasn't Scum
 But he definitely ain't Trash

Only form'd out of something

Fiction & Imagine'n
Pale to the splendor of Life

What Picture Song or Verse
Compare Aun Reflect
What I see before my eyes

Truth is a candle in the darkness

-

Stories told & Songs said
In the tales during my youth
Always up a tree with a book

Wish'n I were the protagonist
Of some adventure

In a magical wonderland
Or in post-apocalyptic distress

Since my first morn'n out
On the Appalachian
Till now settled for the season

Reflect'n on my life
A story only Life could forge

The beauty & depth
The deepness of space

.

.

Mexico

Within the first week
The Police Chiefs head
Found in the gutter
& A helicopter shot down

Masked men
With machine guns

Commonplace whether
Grouped in trucks
In packs on motorcycles
Or hidden above in nests

-

Once the neighborhood kids
& Us

Had to take shelter
At the church

The safest building
When that long
Grenade & Bullet War
Blasted on

Blocks from where we ran

.

.

Who you walk'n up here
Like this yours?

This aint your grounds
This my grounds

& If its four vs me
There is always my friend
Who gots my back in my pack

.

.

The Found'n Fathers

Of America

Would rather Monarchy
If seen our result

Democracy
Humanity's Betryal

To lie
Hide'n true leaders

Stable & Empowered
Find'n newly elected
Easy prey to schemes

-

Could a King love his people
Honor'n a lifelong bond

Only unfaithful those
Elected for short terms

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XXXV

Wish'n never expect'n
To find a girl

Who could love me
More than I love myself

You wait patient for me
As I roam

Hot ninja ramen at the ready
Ears enthusiastic

With that love & pride-in-me
That only animals
Near pure as dogs can feel

-

In the way Maya
Smells after Amerith on return

Recount'n the long journey
In sniffs

By that scent off his mane
Scents stuck & potent

Mayhap pick'n up something
That was unexpected

Yet find'n it very delightful

.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade

Ruger 357 Magnum Revolver
The wideness of the barrel

Matched by the girth
Of the steel

Acquired as a reminder
To never encounter a Mountain Lion
Unarmed again

Out this night
3am Deep in the bramble

The sound of approach'n
Is unmistakable

Once heard
It betrays fully its intention

There the fear is full

-

Fortune placed us securely
In an opening of the thicket

A small boulder & brush
At the center
10ft of open space at all sides

Surrounded by
Twists & Distortions
Vegetation warped by
Stony soil

Magnum drawn
I tough talked the Lion

There are some notes
That are inter-species

You play your tune to its beat
& All will understand

To communicate
To this cocky beast

Tho this be his grounds
Tho he perceive
No foreseeable threat

I had something
Past his imaginations
That would blow
His brain out his skull

Vocal courage to break'n
To this cat's cowardice

-

20 mins passed in stalemate
The next move
Would be the beasts

It's presence
No longer heard but felt

Positioned behind the boulder
Face'n the direction
The beast had been descend'n

I focused forward
In dominate stance

My place sure
Until the beast's presence
Surely heard to the bramble
At my back

The 3am moon
Is not always bright
It wasn't bright tonight

It had successfully
Made the lengthy distance
Creep'n in circle around me

Without noise
Until that moment
Thru some preplaced path

My note & my tune
Unflustered by the sudden shift

My position I knew
Breached only partially

Upon my stolid reaction
To the change of events
Echo'd by communication

With the surprise of slyness
A cat's pride
Indisputably thwarted
Returned a growl of frustration

I can only swear
What I believe I heard

Fear truly infects sanity

All I know for certain is
Amerith would refuse to go
Into those brambles depths again

.

.

Defcon 23

Like birthday-party magicians
Script-kiddie's displayed

Tricks of cheap illusion

DefCon had a wall
The Wall of Sheep

To display any people present
Who got hacked
During the Con

In the room of
DefCon's internal network

I entered & hid

Distressed guards & management
Look'd for me

Till they stood inches from me
But they did not find me

Among the proof of
Government Collusion

I found papers
To plaster on their Press Wall

3411 0|= 5|-|33|o

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.

Years in the study of Art
Filed in the ranks of
Chiaroscuro

A study of light vs dark

Naturally understood
From a strict Christian upbring'n

In the depiction of humanity
Shadows best define
A human's character

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Corpus Christi
No place like home

Same corners
I peed on as a teen
Those punk years
Never to be forgotten

On hard streets
Mostly at the bay Downtown

Forever to yearn
Those warm salty drifts
Stinging with sand

Full of the caw
Of that great body of christ

Its proud Skyline
& Harbor Bridge

Splashed
By forever muddled waters

Celebrate'n New Years
With a discarded Christmas Tree
Set up in sand & adorned

With Gas & Explosives
A Herald to a new cycle

.

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.

1337
Long eluded me

A child built on DOS
Distracted by the colorful windows of 95

Punk teenage years squandered
In the hustle
Of illicitly-traded binaries

Attempts been made to rise up
Yet the time wasn't right

College years came by & went
Still the time wasn't right

The January summer spent in Buenos Aires
Nose down a dense unix text

Fresh blind'n despair
Those 6 mo of unsuccessful installs

Tho hampered by hardware
I found myself at a FreeBSD terminal

Despite 900 pages
Of technical reads
I could produce
Only DOS commands

That was when
I swore off the 1337 dream
Forever

Squander time no more
Against obstinate deficiency

-

But nothing lasts forever
Stubborn
& In the pits of esteem

Work'n underpaid at a firm
Finally Stable & Able

The time was right

1337

Come'n forward with vendetta

Noob foothills where
I had spent my history lost
Now obscured
By vast expenses

Depression & Trial
Still carve my path

Tho the mantle of Disdain shed
Never to be worn again

Now worthy of 1337
Now relieved
I never kept my word

.

.

1337 haqr life

Consume'n free time
Exchange'n needful time

Need'n above all else
To reach respectful heights

Where ability
Has become craft
Evolved to skill
Soar'n to masteries

-

When all around
Is Gone as rot

May this archive
Fuel the future

As the Stegasouraus & Fern

Fuel this CBR 1000RR
Allow'n unimaginable escapes

.

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To express that day
 Takes me past
 The limits of my skill

Silence to reserve a moment most revered
 Heretofore untainted by inadequate narration

That behemoth of earth
 Solitary against
 Those plains of Maine
 Placed an altar to the Gods

That he who seeks & summits
 Rise for that moment
 To transcendental depths

Intrigue'n the
 Weary & weather-stained
 A climb above the monotony
 Of the hundreds past

Icicle draped cliffs & Monumental boulders
 Technical Shifts & Sights

To rise up
 Above & Alone
 That day October 24th

Of my deepest desires
 Sits cast the Impossible wish
 To travel to extra-terrestrial spheres

Now at the winter's summit
 A feat countless plainly stated Implausible

Lay Unearthly
 Blood-red flatlands

Hosts to grasses
 Individually crystallized in ice

Tho hundreds of thousands
 Shimmer'd in the wind

Each caught the sun
 Each possessed for that infinitesimal moment

As host to a Supreme Radiance

Changed for that instant
 Into unique choirs of light

There caught of heart
 The Ordeal done
 & Now the moral understood

That Impossible or Implausible
 Life can never truly
 Be counted out

.

XXXVIII

Age is something
Ever to be fear'd

But as most things in life
Near the end
It is at its sweetest

Prose Wordsmith
Adventurer True Grit
Unix Hacker 1337

All these activities
Mediocre at best
During my youth

Now at the cusp of Age
Those titles I hold true

Thru such pathways
I see hopeful horizons

Every moment as Testament
To Lifestory

.

.

To tell her who I love
That such relation is taboo
To those who
Walk in the path of
La Santa Muerte

To H.P. Lovecraft
To William Blake
To me

Life is for the sow'n
To the Reaper
To reap the rewards

Let action & life
Only ever be for
His memory of me

.

.

Mechanical keyboard
My Input

100 viewable inches
My Output

5.1 Dolby
Surround Sound

Mechanisms
Of my domain buzz'n

A 1337 life
& A peaceful mind

Kept in cryptic
Kernel internals

To preserve
Life, Liberty & History

To preserve the
Anarchy of Intelligence

.

.

.

Since my days strapped
By The Man
To my desk as a teen

Since my days sworn
To The Man
To selflessness as a preacher

My mind ever roam'd toward
The Full Pack
& One-Way Path

I gather'd my courage
To dream no more

Bought my Pack
Bought my Bag
Bought my Beanie
Bought my Sweater

Bought the airfare
A ten day trip to
The Mexican Rivera

Land'n there
With no plan
Or idea of where-to-next
Like I always plan'd

The guy aside brush'd me off
On that long distance
Bus to the beach
I shrugged it off

Later he passed me
His cell phone
'Soy sordo'

Sergio invited me on a boat
To Cozumel

Where I met his
Deaf wife & deaf child
& Deaf friends

That night have'n no hotel
Took the overnight bus
To Chetumal

Where I met a Japanese girl
Lay'n down next to
The biggest black pack
I ever seen

Akane invited me to
Backpacker Island
On The Belize Reef

There among
The Icelandic Indigenous
There engrossed
A place where life
Is readily forgotten

Days Later Burnt
I bought a joint
From my Rastafarian Host
Deep in the Belize Jungle

The crisp of my skin
Demanded it as medicine

But I decided it was time
To end the long hiatus
Since high school

Mary then was only
An old fling

Married now years later
I have never been as happy

No longer a Dreamer
Adventure'n in Season

.

Prepared for the Martyr
As all
Lengendary Personalities

Govt disallows Centralization

The Underground
Cares only for Share'n

-

A monk to the cause

That save'n is
A Saviors Call

Skrp the NOAH
BSD|ZFS the Ark

.

.

The perfect hustle
Accomplished by a wiley
Black guy in Belize City

I cannot decline
Certain requests

Somehow drag'n me
To the cornerstore

Hold'n that bread
Hold'n that Spam

Proof what his family needed

-

He had definitely bought booze
Ealier for what
He should have spent
On groceries

Tho if despite
Such addiction & need

A man can manage
To care
To care for others

He is as much of a man
As any I met

.

.

.

XXXX

My 7ft steel 42u rack
The apple of my eye
The vehicle of my Legend

Hundreds of its steel pieces
Organized over my bare room

I went to find the instructions

My wife started play'n
With some pieces

Hong-Kongenese at 21
I never seen anything so cute

She ignored my warn'n to not
' Mix up the pieces
' Or lose anything

I started read'n the booklet
Eventually distracted by my wife's commotion

I looked up to see
She had the base compiled

I rushed ahead
In the instructions
She started on the frame

I couldn't keep her pace
Even only try'n
To find her current step

Demoted
I only fitted & screw'd
Where & how she told me

.

.

I trust strangers
Only to see where it leads

Lost our first day in Jamaica
He gave us a ride

Asked if we wanted some
I pulled out forty
He took twenty

Christina & I
Flown in
Got into the center of Kingston
Found somewhere to stay
Got lost come'n down a mountain

Now with nothing to do

Have'n earlier crossed Rastafarians
Were about to discover

The mean'n of
' Sticky Itcky

Time
Warped into a flavor
Thirst a
Mountain Waterfall Cooldown

An hour passed
He came back

' I took some out for gas
He pushed me a brown bag

Of over a pound of weed

Our family still to this day

Reserves the name

' David

To refer to reefer

.

.

Only intelligent people
Can be crazy

Intelligence demented
In some pivotal foci

Always alert

My senses tell me things
To watch for things
Forsee'n future possibilities

Such tripwires are insensitive
They alarm immediately

When a dangerous
pattern unfolds

Small things sum'n up into
Or red flag apparent

.

.

Sacrifice
Is apart from
The Law of Exchange

Sacrifice
To relinquish that of
Significantly more value
Than which is to be gained

But if what is to be gained
Tho minor in comparison

Done pure in heart
May surpass
The Law of Relativity
Become'n Priceless

.

.

Mostly I am alone
But when Anthony at thirteen

Popped open my CD player
& Played his ripped disc

Bad Religion introduced Punk
I have been less lonely ever since

.

.

I am of
The soft branch of
Kung Fu
Hardest to Break

Not the animal-style of
Reserved power stances

Nor the karate branch
Heavy hit'n

Dr. Yang Jwing-Ming
Grandmaster of Tai Chi
Once told me
' You use the Chi like
' Luke Skywalker

.

.

.

Across 10mi of 200000 people
Our posse piled
Into the vehicles

We all fit cept for
Black Dorsey

The ride said sorry
But before it took off
I jumped out to accompany him

.

XXXXI

A shout out
To my
Masters of Writ
To whom I homage

Dorothea Brande
All stern & inspire'n

William Zinsser
Of cold clarity

Stephen King
Whisper'n dark secrets
Of the living

Walk Whitman
Flow'n the melodies of underground springs

William Blake
A kindred spirit to whom I bow

Mayhap the homogenous belief
Of mankind hold true

That one day we converse
As equals who sacrificed all
To the same god

.

The Virtue of Narcissism
Ungrasped by the masses

Who could never introvertly
Confirm
Their life as most precious
Confirm
Themselves blessed
By the interested hand of gods

Who need no justification
For received adoration

Prideful gaze
Regardless of mirrors

Confident
To take sure steps forward

Grateful of the past
But mostly
Excited for this new day

.

Who am I
Which revels in such self

~ skrp ~

NOAH
of the
BSD ZFS ARK